

# MEASURE



SUMMER  
1939

# MEASURE

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# MEASURE

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# A Militant Catholic Press

Carleton Ott

*The weaving of the threads of an argument is a profitable task for any writer. Here, before you, we lay the fabric of the cause of the Catholic Press. The texture is strong as the cause itself; the design not new or startling; but the result is eminently worth while.*

TODAY WE ARE living in the midst of a confused world — a world that is filled with evils of every nature — a world that is drenched with false propaganda. There are reasons why this earthly habitat of man is as chaotic and hoodwinked as it exists today. I firmly believe that in all justice we may attribute a foremost factor to the combined, half-meaningless outpourings of our secular press which is no longer a true guardian of the people. We have a secular press which rarely, if ever, calls man's attention to his obligations in this world and to his ultimate destiny. Instead of bringing religion into its pages, it emphasizes with its materialistic reasoning the chaos and emptiness of this world.

Peruse any of our daily secular newspapers. Then pick up another and do in like manner. What will you notice? One contradicts the other. One states that Communism supports democracy; the other denies it. One reveals from "reliable" sources that the Papacy favors the "Fascist" Franco; the other emphatically reports that it has taken no stand on the Spanish question. In short, we are dwelling amid a people who know not truth, lack their God-given reason, and freely debase themselves by inflicting their false reasoning on the less fortunate, "non-intellectual" minds. Yes, more than that, our secular press is replete with writers who are skeptics claiming we cannot reach truth and that the principles laid down by Aristotle, Plato, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, and even Christ are merely impractical idealisms! But we Catholic know that man's life is meaningless without the guidance of reason leading him into the realm of truth — a thing lacking in the secular press.

But aside from the falsehoods prevalent in the secular press, we find detailed account of sensationalism. Where do we find a sheet that does not almost daily advertise in a prominent position a detestable picture of a "popular" divorcee? How many magazines do not feature "exclusive" stories of robberies, gambling, sex crimes, together with lewd and immoral pictures? According to the Catholic Bishops' Committee,



recently organized to eradicate indecency in print, there are almost five hundred periodicals stooping to the pits of degradation in order to fill the minds of all ranks of American people with filth. And what is more, over sixty million Americans are reading them!

The modern world regards as a trivial matter the fact that countless volumes of lewd literature roll from press after press. There was a time when editors had to fear if they treated news to suit their own whims and fancies — a time when only a few of the more immoral periodicals found it profitable to continue in existence. But this is not the case now. What a strange paradox exists between the early printing presses and those of today! The primitive machines printed chiefly the divinely-inspired Bible; from the modern presses flow more swollen streams of indecent literature and falsehoods than morally-elevating material. How many suitable magazines will the observer of God's law find when he happens to examine the editions floating on every street-corner newsstand? The number, I am sure, will be far less than the vile publications which alone can be expected of diabolical progenies. And of the more decent publications, how many will be seen that do not contain a few suggestions of ridicule for religion or some less conspicuous, cleverly inserted errors which grow from the lack of intelligence of the irreligious?

One periodical may not endanger a reader's morals, but if he sips in, day after day, week after week, a minute particle of falsehood, where will his logical reasoning be after a period of ten or fifteen years? The truth is that a person must have reading material that will counteract that poison, for such are the falsities and materialistic reasoning of the typically modern or pagan secular press.

And that brings us to the need of a strong, militant Catholic Press which alone will counteract the countless volumes of meaningless literature floating everywhere among our people. Do we not as Catholics pride the truths of our Holy Religion? Do we not rejoice because our religion, founded by Christ, has guided us amid error and decay for the past nineteen centuries? Even the non-Catholic world, engrossed in error as it is, seemed unable to restrain its grief at the death of our Supreme Pontiff, Pius XI. Was this not in itself an admission of the truth of the Papacy which heads the Catholic Press movement? If we Catholics of today wish to continue in truth (for the Church will ever go on as a guardian of truth), we must listen to the pleas of the Church, heed her admonitions. And how can we better do that than by supporting to the utmost a Catholic Press. Concerning the Catholic Press Pope Pius XI enthusiastically stated, "You are my voice! I do not say that you make my voice heard, but that you really are my voice itself; nor few, indeed, could learn my wishes and thoughts without the aid of the Catholic Press." Does this statement not emphasize the need of a Catholic Press?

We Catholics have spent millions and millions of dollars to build majestic cathedrals and institutions of learning for children to receive a

religious education. Just how much has been spent in developing a strong Catholic Press on the part of the average Catholic? Since the Catholic Press is the leading force in stamping out irreligious movements, we can quickly lose all our grand institutions without the protection of a strong press. Furthermore, if we want the Christian education of the thousands of Catholic children to be preserved entirely, we must supplant the teaching given at school by Catholic periodicals.

But to have a real Catholic Press, we must have the support of the Catholic laity. We Catholics have made great strides toward developing a militant press during the past few years. And it is remarkable how interesting is our press despite the fact that it is young and poorly supported. But, Oh! How manly and capturing it would be if it had the full support of every Catholic, if a Catholic periodical or newspaper came into every home along with the secular daily! And why should this condition not exist? Franklyn J. Kennedy, editor of the *Catholic Herald Tribune*, has so nobly expressed his sentiments concerning Catholic journalism by saying, "We've got the most startling, the most compelling, the most provocative, the most forceful message in the world — the Gospel of Christ."

Today the entire United States has only one Catholic daily published in English. This paper, *The Daily Tribune*, edited in Dubuque, Iowa, does to some extent rival secular newspapers. But with more support the Church could develop dailies that would not only surpass the secular sheets in regard to correct treatment of every type of news (truth will always conquer falsity), but would also strengthen the moral and intellectual stamina in its readers — for knowledge of truth assists in perfecting man.

The fact remains that even the strong Catholic must battle to withstand the absorption of the poison contained in the false reasoning and indecency of the secular press. If every Catholic desires to preserve his Holy Religion in himself and wants to triumph over Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and the other false 'isms, he must have a stalwart Catholic Press to warn him of the multitudinous dangers. This press will sustain Catholic unity, minimize hostility against the Church, make operative Catholic life, and help bring a truly Christian solution to problems, social and economic, pertaining to civilization. Catholics, support your press! Let the Catholic Press of tomorrow lead the world to a decisive victory over the evils of today and promote the promulgation of truth amid people living in skepticism.



# Are All Men Equal?

James H. Cooney

*The grievous thoughts which harass the economist do not escape the student of social problems. - Mr. Cooney, a Junior, speaks not only for the troubled youth of this generation, but for all men who view seriously the problems of income and costs. The vane of the author's thoughts is blown only by facts and certainties; when it rests, the direction is competently given.*

FOR GENERATIONS people have learned, thought and commented about the great inequality of wealth. Volumes have been written on the subject and men have proposed remedies for the situation. The prolonged life of the ill, however, would tend to illustrate how futile are efforts to remedy it. It also has a tendency to contradict the axiom that, "all men are equal."

President Roosevelt upon assuming the duties of his office for the first term asserted that "one-third of a nation (is) ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished". As a result of his policies an extensive plan of Government aid was launched. But even after six years of vast Governmental spending the country is still confronted with the grave problem.

The situation seemed even more precarious last fall, when the National Resources Committee completed its report on Consumer Income in the United States. The report concluded a survey of American families from July 1935 to July 1936. This report is considered one of the most complete and exact of its kind ever made. Permit me to state a few of the Committee's findings. The average income of the poorest 13,000,000 consumers reached the low figure of \$471 per annum. For the middle third of the nation, the average was \$1,076, and for the higher third, \$3,000. These figures represent average income. Let us now deal with statistics of a more concrete nature. The report also shows that one-third of all American families and consumers had incomes of less than \$780 in 1936, one-half had less than \$1,070, and two-thirds had less than \$1,450. Approximately nine-tenths of the consumers received less than \$2,500. In contrast about 2 per cent of all consumer units received incomes of \$5,000 or over, and less than 1 per cent received \$10,000 and over. About 30 per cent of the lowest income group, whose maximum income was less than \$780 a year, received some relief from agencies during the year.

Now the figures in themselves mean little. But when accompanied by figures for the cost of living the impossibility of decent existence for the lower groups can easily be observed. According to the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture, a family of four, not producing any food could obtain an adequate diet in 1935 for about \$435. However, a family of four, in desperate straits could live on an emergency diet for about \$270 a year; although such a diet would not insure good health over a period of time.

This consideration is centered about food only. Yet a family is also confronted with shelter and clothing as well as emergencies and fuel. Considering the cost of living as a whole, we find that a minimum health and decency standard could be maintained for a family of four in 1935 for \$1,460. That allows us to conclude that the average family in the lowest income group in 1935 found itself approximately \$1,000 short of having sufficient funds for a decent living.

It is not my purpose here to advocate a plan to remedy this, but I wonder what measures, if any, would most completely fit our needs. Could they be: extensive Government spending; indiscretionary labor unions with little regard for the law; a lower standard of living for working men and their families, many of whom are on the verge of starvation and disease; or shall society completely neglect the underprivileged, thus opening to them a career of crime? No, the answer does not reside in these evils.

As I stated in the opening paragraph, efforts to remedy the inequality seemed to go unheeded. I believe that should the total wealth of the nation be congregated into one amount and divided equally, dollar for dollar, among all citizens, over a period of time the majority of wealth would find its way into the possession of the same few in number as it now is.

The growth of the impediment may be retarded by measures but the existence of the inequality of wealth distribution will never be eradicated from the face of the earth. We can, however, say with a bit of certainty, that a greater equality could be reached. I believe that the proper agency to obtain this is the Government.

Public and private charities, including the Catholic charities, deserve great praise for the manner in which they relieved the tension during the years of depression. Their help was keenly felt by those receiving it. But they too, in a measure, are handicapped by the lack of sufficient funds.

Private credit organizations, too, have served their purpose but they restrict the number of their loans to consumers. Then those companies that do make loans for consumption purposes often take advantage of the borrower's immediate need for funds and charge excessive interest rates and fees. So we find the consumer at a serious disadvantage at all angles.



In viewing further statistics we see that during the period already mentioned, viz., July 1935 to July 1936, the National income was estimated to be \$59,983,000,000. For the identical period the population was alleged to be 29,400,300 families constituting nearly 91 per cent of the total body of consumers. After viewing a total income amount of \$59,983,000,000, most of us will believe it incredible that some families received only \$471. Perhaps we can discover why millions received this small amount.

Fundamentally the cause is low wages in most of our industrial concerns. Why low wages? Because in every business there are five basic factors: land, labor, capital, management and government. These factors all add their cost to the product or service to be sold and they must also be awarded their return. Land must receive its rent, labor must receive its wage, capital must have its interest, government must have its taxes and management must have its profits. The odd part of distributing to each factor its due, is that in most cases labor is given the last consideration. Whereas labor should be primarily dealt with, leaving management to be the last to receive its return. As a result we have labor receiving less than its return in most cases.

Corporations are the most prevalent type of business organization hiring the greater number of laborers today. These corporations ruled by the stockholders are in the majority of instances ruled by a few men controlling enormous amounts of wealth. Senator Norris of Nebraska in his speech, "The Spider Web of Wall Street," before Congress on February 23, 1933, stated that J. P. Morgan and his nineteen partners held directorships in 2,242 banks, companies and corporations. Think of it, twenty people virtually controlling 2,242 business enterprises, among them the largest corporations in the country. Now it remains that these men are primarily interested in the profits that these businesses will yield. As a secondary measure they will be sure to pay their rent, their taxes and their interest, but the laborer will probably receive enough to be satisfied momentarily.

Making the suppositions that taxes on big business were lowered and that a living wage was set by law and enforced, the result would be a decrease in Government revenue but an increase in income for the wage earner. In turn, however, there would be a decrease in the need for public relief. But, to force capital to pay a certain wage and continue to force them to the wall with high taxes would certainly prove disastrous. We cannot expect miracles from capital any more than we can expect labor to live on \$471 per year. Yet if the Government enforced such a measure in the proper manner, would it not have a favorable effect on the laboring class and its conditions?

Now returning to the situation as it actually exists, we find wealth concentrated into the hands of a few. A fundamental economic theory then permits us to conclude that the purchasing power of the nation is

generally decreased. The millions of wage earners have the need and desire for commodities but they lack the purchasing power. A comparatively smaller amount of individuals have an over abundance of purchasing power but are lacking in need and consequently lacking in desire for commodities. This causes a lack of money circulation and as a result counteracts business.

From all standpoints it appears as though there will always be three classes of people in the country. And the lower class will be as poor as the upper class is wealthy. The middle class will be the contented medium. We wonder if there will always be such a great need for charity. And will there ever be a peaceful bridge between capital and labor. If not, how long must we wait in patience before these evils are cured. The question of most proximate and personal concern is, will the college students of today continue to aggravate these conditions when they become a part of the wheel of progress?

# Librarian of the Middle Ages

Arthur Lowe

*The lure of the Middle Ages has not yet become banal and old. We editors suspect that there is much in these few pages that will benefit all students. It is as plain and simple as any great heritage, but it is as forceful.*

THE PHILOSOPHY expounded centuries before by brilliant Greek philosophers, rolls of great literature, the theatrical works, great governmental documents and histories were stored away in the spacious libraries of the Eternal City.

Rome was buzzing with the excitement of higher learning. Erudite men, composers of immortal Latin poetry, and prose writings, architects and shrewd politicians were mingled among her population. One of the greatest empires ever governed by one nation was now hers. People were enthusiastic to make their city the most outstanding, and outstanding it was in almost every line of activity. Rome was now enjoying a life of brilliance and luxury.

Reveling in this vast amount of luxury and pride, Rome began to forget her destiny and great studies. Her greatness began to be degraded by debauchery and all manner of open living. She was sliding backward, slowly at first, but steadily. Unnoticed this regression continued until the precipice became too slippery and steep to afford a halting grasp. Rome had fallen into the abyss of almost complete oblivion for a time. Wallowing in debauchery, she grew weak, while her opponents waxed strong and overcame her. From the vast barbaric lands, these hordes came pushing in from all sides, overrunning the city and her civilization. Truly, Rome had fallen.

For what was culture and education to the man who couldn't read or write, and whose life was spent in the open woods and hovels of the nomads? Hordes of them were now in Italy sacking the cities, ruining her culture. Nothing was spared. The pearls of education stored away in the libraries and schools were plundered and all manner of public buildings and works of art were destroyed. Much of their contents was looted for the sake of utility and curiosity. Thus, precious manuscripts were carried off and scattered about Europe. Rome's studies, meant to enlighten the world, were being crushed from life. She was now plunged into intellectual derangement.



During this time, however, all was not darkness for the scholar. On the horizon of intellectuality a new sun, before unnoticed, was beginning to shine through the clouds of obscurity and persecution. The light that formed the silver lining to those black clouds was the Church and her Monastic institutions. These institutions of the Church had heretofore received little complimentary attention from the Eternal City, especially as a home of learning. Now her mission was to succour those who had tried to keep her brilliancy submerged. With increasing speed that attitude was abolished. Erudition needed a mother. In the quiet of the cloister, a mother was found, kind, diligent and loving, to guard her child.

The real work of the monastic institutions started about the fifth century. The vandals had scattered and destroyed a large amount of the manuscripts of the old scholars and authors. The monks, in their enthusiasm for the works of the ancients, diligently searched hours through antiquated ruins of all parts of Europe, gathering what little they could from the few living scholars and the ruinous hulks of the once great Roman buildings. Merely the multitude of manuscripts of old Greece and Rome was not their only ambition, although it composed the greater part of the work. It covered in its scope the science of farming, astronomy, medicine, mathematics, and scripture. For the safekeeping of the precious remaining fragments great libraries had to be built. Now, that these priceless documents were carefully stored away, another task loomed up before the mind of the monks. It was the vast job of recopying and of perpetuating this culture.

In the West, the work began in the Irish and Anglo-Saxon institutions. Later it was undertaken on a large scale in the rule of St. Benedict. Special copy rooms were added to the cloister for this work. This new addition to the Monastic daily schedule imposed many new burdens on the Monks. Before it could begin, suitable buildings had to be constructed. The room of work needed much light and fresh air. Thus we see stretching out a long, high, one-story wing of cold grey stone, whose walls were windows set apart by thin columns of rock. Each of these was composed of from two to four rooms of moderate size. On the inside nothing met the visitor's eye but rows of desks, whose flat tops were a little larger than a sheet of parchment. About twenty-five in number, the desks faced a reader's desk, tall and slender.

The bell was rung. A long file of monks walk in and silently take their places. Prayers are said and a two-hour period of work begins. During this time only the scratching of quills topped by the reader's voice can be heard. Silence and close attention were strictly necessary for correct copying.

After two hours of careful writing the sheet is finished and the ink is allowed to become perfectly dry. Then they are carried, sheet by sheet



to the decorator's room. There they were placed in large racks until the monks removed them for decorating.

The decorating room was almost the same in size and contents as the copy rooms. About the same number of monks work there but with very different tools. Instead of pens they wielded brushes, small knives and smooth flat paddles. On a stand by the side of the desk lay paints, glue, and gold leaf. Dexterous and steady hands applied them to the headings of the chapters and initial letters of paragraphs.

When these had dried they were next carefully carted down to the bindery. The finishing touches were here added to the books.

First the sheets were placed in a large rack, clamps screwed down and the sheets bent. Then they were set in a clamp for sewing and gluing of the back. The back was a thin cover of two pieces of wood, bound together by a piece of parchment. When it had been securely fastened and iron clasps riveted down to keep the book closed they were carried to the library for storage and use.

The library, a magnificent room, was completely unlike a library of today. Tiers of shelves rose to the ceiling but no books were visible. All that could be seen were little doors behind which they were hidden. This method was used because books were too valuable to be left in the open air and moisture. The compartments of the best books were padded with wool to assure a complete dryness. No markings were visible on the backs of the books but the doors carried the name and number of its occupant. This was put away in a card file and library service was carried on much the same as it is today.

Only one copy of a book would have made no such vast amount of work as was carried on in the monk's workshops, but a multitude of books were needed. Schools were springing up in connection with the monasteries. This created a necessity for text books, which required more copying. Another necessity for books was the library exchanges. With these exchanged books, the monks in the monastery schools taught the ignorant pagans christian doctrine. Then came the practical sciences to help man receive more enjoyment and comfort from his earthly life. If the scholar then wished to continue his student's life, Latin, Greek, and the other profane works of great authors were at his disposal.

Thus the works of the monks and brothers of the Church progressed through some few hundred years. New fields were daily discovered, new ideas laid bare. Yearly they pushed farther into the unknown wilderness carrying their weapons of doctrine and old culture to the illiterate pagans. From their knowledge of architecture they set up new buildings, from the experiments acquired by actual labor they tilled the lands and educated the people. They taught them of the higher things of life, and how to enjoy their earthly sojourn more fully.

After years of gradual penetration, the Church had tutored most

of Europe in the field of education. Cities of repute, schools, and universities grew under her care.

Making a survey of the vast amount of work accomplished, what more do we need as a retort to those who say, that the "Dark Ages," were nothing but destructive and poisonous. Even at the present time, what do most people think of the "Dark Ages?"

Today we label ourselves smart and highly educated. May we ask ourselves one thing? What is the ground work of our intellectuality and how much of it is really ours? We might say we have received it from the Renaissance. Here may I ask, from where did the newly appreciated works of the Renaissance emerge? Did they not proceed from the pens and minds of the old scholars? Were they not carefully searched out and patiently stored away by the monks of the "Dark Ages"? If they, during the Middle Ages, had not spent their life in diligent propagation of the old contemporary studies, our Renaissance could not, and would not, have happened on the grand scale that we know it today.

Today we are living in a time of inventions and discoveries, of scholars and scientists. Constant research and study is staring at us from all sides. We may ask into what are people delving so eagerly and deeply? Is it into fields of which the human mind has a new and very small conception? We say with pride that it is. But the other portion, an equally large portion, is the works of early centuries and early thinking. The old seems to hold a certain fascination which we are trying hard to discover. We want to know more of the mode of life of those early times. Thus we, in this study, are carried back into the Monastic libraries of carefully stored books, from which we drink deep of the knowledge of their ways of living. In these works we hunt for clues which will carry us still farther back into the prehistoric civilization.

Let us take a few moments' excursion into a modern high school or college. What line of studies do you see most students poring over with wrinkled brow? Is it not the works of some great author, now being studied to obtain a better insight into man's nature and realm in which he lived? Are not his studies, no matter in which field he may be studying, reaching back to the libraries of the "Dark Ages" and the hard work of the monks?

Truly, a great heritage has been preserved and handed down to us. If it had been lost, how many years on the clock of present day learning and research would the finger of time be set back! What then could be a more appropriate name for the monastic institutions of that time than, "Librarian of the Middle Ages!"



# Lazy Loafers

Anthony Ley

*For those who are despised, Mr. Ley comes to their defense with ability. In this essay another, quite another third of the nation touches the great heart of the author and the result is a kind of philippic. You will appreciate it most with a sigh of gratitude.*

AMBITION HAS BEEN its own downfall, the curse of loafers, and for that matter, the poison of the whole earth from the days of Eve to the present evening. It is true, as Carlyle said in an enlightened moment, "No man is born without worldly desires." And to that, Poe, the Dick Tracy of literature, adds,

"But see how oft ambition's aims are cross'd,  
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!"

Mr. Poe, you have put into poetry what I for a long time have considered the most profound truth. Yes, while Ambition fights Ambition someone (a loafer) snatches the prize and Ambition kills Ambition to find that Reward has been kidnapped (for the sake of rhyme Poe had to say "lost," but really he meant that the prize was taken). Then the worldly-desired fellow who wasn't killed sets out on a new trip. Every once in a while he pulls out his billfold and thoughtfully mutters, "Sure, I can get some more in there." Away he goes to get it. Finally he becomes a machine with greed for his fuel, gold for ignition, and glory for a horn. To top it all, when he has attained all his wants, if that be possible, he is so used to going, that he doesn't stop to enjoy what he has. There's ambition for you! Look at the stupidity of it! But, oh, look at the wisdom and superb qualities of loafing!

That the loafer is intelligent beyond all comparison should not be denied by any reasonable person. For he (the loafer) realizes and obeys this one fundamental law: When you're filled, stop eating. Everybody at some time or other must feel that he has gone about as far as he can go. For instance, you are hurriedly writing a letter. You dot an *i*, and the pen deposits an uncalled-for amount of ink. On dotting the next *i* the writing implement (you are beginning to doubt whether it is a pen or a hose) gratefully answers your tap by leaving half of its total capacity over the now drowned *i*. Thereupon you give the pen a new name, or two, much more exciting than the mild appellation stamped on its belly.

Then you become quite indignant. Unfortunately you are too angry to wiggle your ears, you turn your eyes into your brain and find everything black and whirling. My friend, lay down your pen. You have met an invincible force, and when a loafer runs into a stone wall he sits down to a plate of idleness.

In his imagination he builds his pet air castles. As he climbs into them everything about him sinks into a vapor. His mind becomes remarkably clear and loses itself in the hall of fantasy. In his absolute thoughtlessness everything for a moment becomes a straight line. During that moment he has neither a care nor a pain; he seems to move perfectly forward, yet time seems to stand still. Ah, he is the closest to heaven that he will ever be! Slowly he recovers from the ether of idleness (normally, of course, without the aid of someone's scream) to find the world a softer globe to walk on.

Really I don't think the earth changes every time a lounge gains consciousness, for if it did, things would be flickering about at a terrific speed. No, it's the loafer that's transformed. He has cast off his musty clothes and washed his fingers in the waters of forgetfulness. He feels sleek and shining like a polished bronze statue in an immaculate marble museum. All his troubles and the urge of ambition have left him, and once again he is really and truly Mr. — with a bright new personality beaming all around him. There may be nothing in his mind, or his pocket; but he is rich with himself, richer than ambition will ever be. Thus refreshed he looks at a new and wonderful life, and fully comprehends the words of Genesis, "And God saw all the things that he had made, and they were very good." That's the idler for you, born anew to live and loaf again.

Those are the graces of which the fiends of action will to deprive us. They have gaping traps hidden to ensnare us. We are aware too of the curses hurled at us, of the sarcastic remarks and unpleasant glances that brush gently by. We are placed on a tarnished pedestal among old maids. We are rated among the swine. Next we are verbally dashed into the regions of high temperature, there to fry on brimstone till our flanks are bacon for demons. However, this produces no effect on us. There is one little thing, by the way, which we don't cherish, and that is, to be distracted in the middle of a trance. It makes a person feel very miserable. But we can tolerate it, for all we need do is withdraw from the presence of our envenomed intruder and finish the job. You see, we loafers are not fooled by the tricks of the enemy.

The world can say what it wills about us, we are still the best that stays good. When we're not loitering, we're wide awake, original, creative, and watching for a chance to snatch a prize from fighting ambition. It is from our class that all great artists, poets, and inventors come. For was it not during moments of dreamy loafing that the first airplane left the ground, that the discus thrower stood for the first time in marble,



that the telephone first rang? Certainly. And it likewise takes a lounge to appreciate these things, because from constant practice he can place himself in that mood in which the masterpieces of the mind were born. Think of the human dynamo; how, cold and shivering he stands afar off, lost to all that's wonderful.

Yes, I am convinced. The non-loafer (ambition personified) misses something in life. To tell the truth, he misses a big square corner of sweet existence. Still, he could get it so easily by just sitting down. Isn't it a pity! It grieves me deeply to see him struggle to get what we pick up so easily along the way. We float along so smoothly. Nothing hampers our free style. We just take the world as it comes. Without a doubt, we are the only people who are living and loving it. I sometimes wonder if an ambitious gent ever looks across the road and envies us lucky, lazy loafers.

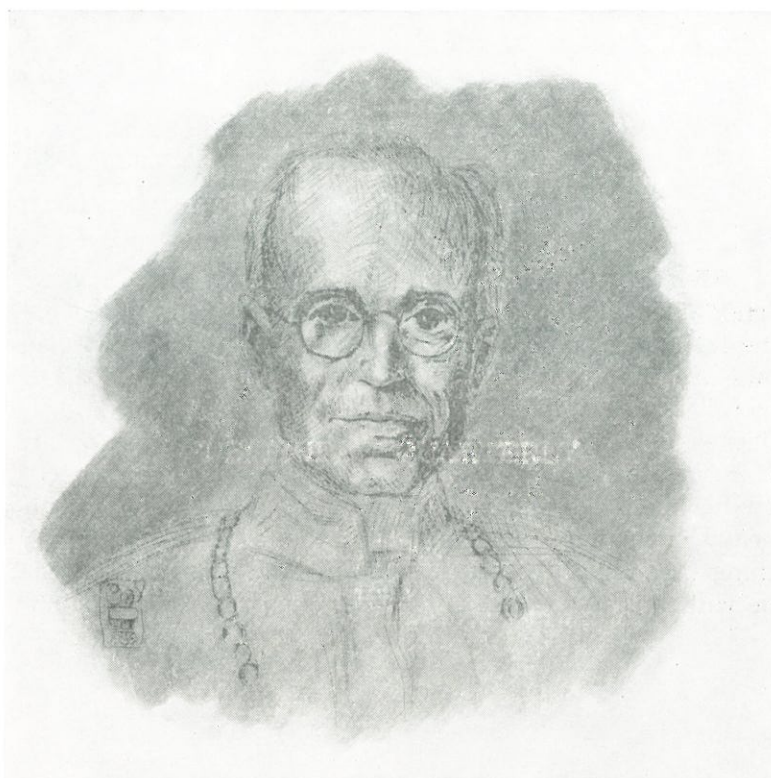
# A Sheaf of Sketches

*Drawings by Charles J. Peitz, Jr.*

*Descriptions by Joseph Dell*

*His Holiness, Pius XII*

The image of the Holy Father we love so dearly is stamped with strength and clarity on our hearts. All the power of his sacred position looks out at us from the page; but each of those finely drawn lines tells of the high qualities of his soul. Nobility of thought, precision of manner, brilliance of expression. Yet, through it all runs that note of humanity which is unmistakable. The Vicar of Christ is a man, but one who is met usually in the halls of wisdom, in the palaces of learning.



HIS HOLINESS, PIUS XII



*El Lobo*

Here is "The Wolf." In terms of light and dark, the artist tells all that must be told of the sinister hate and the fathomless moods of his subject. As dark as the shadows are the ruthless deeds, the broodings of passion, the merciless searching of eyes. As bright as light are the flashes of anger, the darts of his eagerness and desire. Here in the moonlight stands a merciless leader, respected by his men like the lash of a whip. Slow of word, and heavy in thought, he nevertheless points the way by everything that is hard, steel, fire, fists. And just like the wolf, he will slink away, out of our sight, leaving a stain behind.

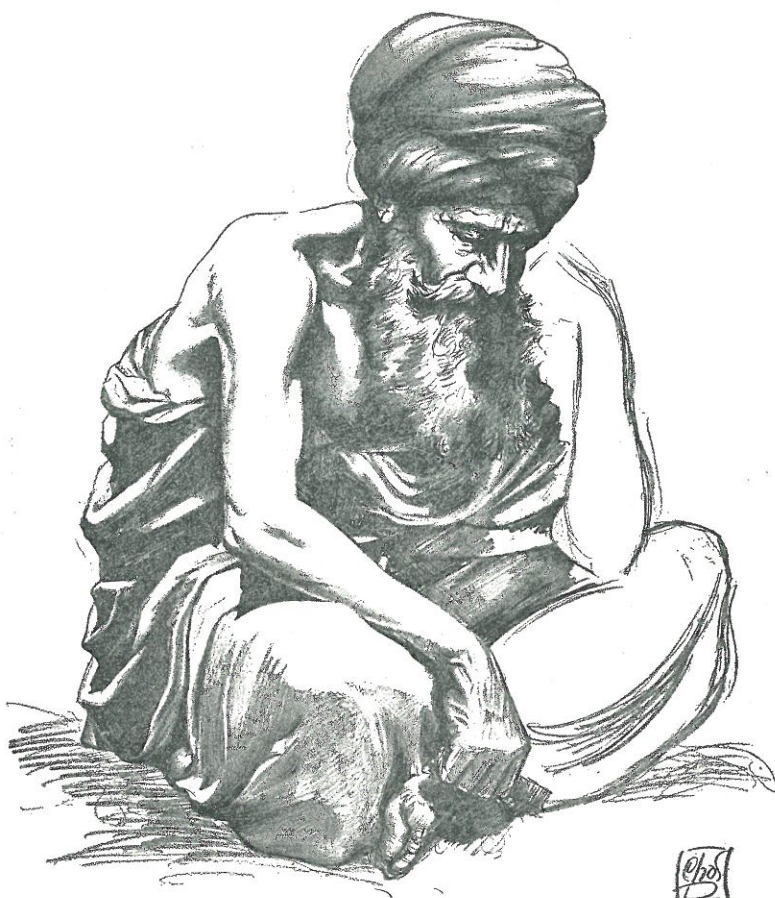


EL LOBO

*Drawing of an Old Man*

With the soft lines of a pencil, the artist gives us a vision of old age. The treatment, however, while it is kind to the story of people, wise and old, is still fraught with emaciation of senility and the starkness of harrowing years. You see one who is so very tired. The lights of progress have long since out; wheels of fortune turn needlessly. Yet, there is a peace that belongs to crumbling trees and sleeping hills. Even as they are strong so is this old one; even as they remember, so he.





*Drawing of  
an Old Man*

DRAWING OF AN OLD MAN

*Out of the Earth*

He springs upon us, taut as a tiger, swift as an eagle, strong as the water-oxen. He belongs to the soil just as they do, simple, naive, plainly animal. And so! You see the joke, ha? Life is so full of fun. Yesterday is a flask of wine, drained and broken. Today is a bright lady who rides with the wind, whose breath is sweet, whose eyes burn bright. Tomorrow is a sleeping figure over in the corner: do not bother to nudge him now. With feet and soul planted firmly on the earth, this man must laugh for you and me, for all the world.



OUT OF THE EARTH



# Some Plans for Summer Action

Bernard G. Badke

FINALLY, after experiencing numerous birth-pains, Catholic Action has taken a decided place and has gained a foothold in our colleges. This year, in particular, we have noted patent evidence of more action directed to God's cause in our college journals. The decided improvement in this regard deserves hearty congratulations and the blessings of Him for Whom this Action was taken.

As the days of this year's schooling are rapidly drawing to a finish, we are deeply concerned as to whether or not the work so gloriously begun in September will falter and die, or will gain impetus and renewed vitality, and will extend its principles and practice into new channels of activity. We hope, sincerely, for the latter, though at all times we must be safely on the watch for laxity and mediocrity.

We mentioned before that Action is on its way forward, but we wish to add that though there are great numbers engaged in the furtherance of His Cause, there are those and a great number of them, too, who look at this Catholic revival as something burdensome, dull and uninteresting. This latter group have placed the wrong value on the project. They do not realize that the spirit of adventure that is embodied in the idea of working for the furtherance of Catholic principles knows no limit. Catholic Action can be made the most interesting of pursuits; giving the doer both the spiritual benefit of his works and a delightful occupation for his leisure. There is ever so much to be done and there is a great deal of fun to be had in the doing of it. A brief glance at *The Grail* makes sound these statements. In it we find explained the divers activities conducted for the cause of the Faith by a hearty band of actionists. Ranging from giving their services to those in need of medical assistance to the setting forth of Catholic principles through their press, these noble servants of God engage in a multitude of pursuits, each differing from the other; yet each project is of tremendous worth in the promotion of their cause.

As has been stressed at various times in the current publications of *Measure*, everyone has some talent that can be used for the greater glory of God and the benefit of Catholic Action. Perhaps not all types of Action appeal to the individual. Or, likely enough, the reason for the failure of some to engage in the activity is due to the fact that the type of Action that would interest this or that individual has not been brought to their attention.

There is no need for pure theorizing about the subject. The correct method of approach is the actual setting forth of some few varying forms of action that might find followers in every Catholic; some forms have more proponents than others, but all Catholics should be represented in at least one of these categories.

With these thoughts in mind, it is our purpose to suggest a few vital plans that might find followers during the summer months. These are suggestions that all Catholic students are capable of engaging in. These are suggestions that will make our cause a living one, a lively one and paramountly an ever-growing one.

One of the best forms of expression for the summer could center itself about Catholic literature. For example, in order to do something for the furtherance of Catholic writing, let us all register calls at our public library for more Catholic novels, Catholic biography and Catholic philosophical treatises. The requesting of such books sounds trivial and quite unimportant. On the contrary, it will be a big contribution for the furtherance of Catholic thought and expression. Too, the result of our libraries procuring such Catholic literature will result ultimately in others, besides Catholics, reading them, thus spreading our heritage to others less fortunate.

Another comparatively simple form of promoting Catholic thought would be to procure at least one subscription to one of our leading Catholic magazines. Such subscriptions will not only benefit us who purchase them but will make for a greater Catholic Press.

We suggest next a very substantial and all-important form of Action. The leading of a study club under the guidance of one of the Fathers of the parish would serve many purposes. Such discussion groups would tend to reawaken the latent minds of many indifferent Catholics. Moreover, it would afford a most educational and beneficial pastime for our Catholic people.

Further cooperation can be given our parish in the promotion of the various church activities. We can be leaders in drives for new members to the societies, act as committee-men for the socials, and be active members of the various sodalities.

Catholic social action is in need of leaders. And are not we the most logical to aid, as college students, in the furtherance of better social conditions? The question might be raised as to how we can participate in so far as social conditions are concerned. A noteworthy example would be to campaign for the principles set forth in the encyclicals of the Holy Fathers. Make the employers cognizant of the just wage by disseminating the encyclicals and explaining their contents. Point out the wisdom, the truth and the value embodied in the writings of our Pontiffs. We do not mean to infer that all employers will jump when they read the encyclicals and immediately raise the wages of their employees, neither do we expect all employers to read them. But we do believe that each



student could reach at least one employer and encourage the reading and adoption of some of the splendid principles embodied in the Popes' writings.

Catholic criticism is still another channel of opportunity for action. We are all aware of the fearless stand the Church has taken on the movies by her Legion of Decency. We can aid our Mother Church, not only as members of such a noteworthy legion, but as active members who are eager to serve in the society by such moves as propagandizing the evils of this or that picture, discouraging attendance, by letters of protest to the producers. We can by candid criticism condemn and discourage the making of those movies that further the cause of Communism and the many other heretical "isms." Similarly, we can take the same stand in regard to bad literature, literature that is against our precious possessions, faith and morals.

Paramount in the fight for Catholic Principles stands that form of Action that is the most simple to participate in. Catholic good example is so very necessary in society today. The leading of exemplary Catholic lives is a most substantial form and so simple to participate in. The reception of daily Communion, frequent Confession, daily attendance at Mass, prayer and self-denial, charity and love in all our activities, are a few of the many deeds that make up the lot for this form of Action. With a live Faith we can do all of these things well and need fear no adversaries.

A great deal more could be added to the aforementioned examples of ways and means that we can perform our duty in this great Catholic Crusade of Action. Many more could be suggested and offered for practice. Some of the above are impossible in some communities, while in others there is a vast need of some Action. However, in each we can all find a position, for jobs in the employment of Catholic Action are not wanting. All can be employed at some of these duties. Others can find new fields as place demands. But though they vary wide in scope and duty, they are all equally united in aim.

The whole situation is a challenge to any Catholic youth. It is so very easy to sit back and do nothing. It is hard to scorn laughter and get out and do something that is hard and practical. Human nature rebels at the idea, but if our Faith is strong enough, and it should be, then Catholic Action will produce a rich harvest during these summer months.



# Guildism to Unionism

Albert Reyman

*This essay is the winner in the Alumni Essay Contest. In it Mr. Reyman, a Freshman, has achieved the difficult thing — the bridging of the old with the new. The significance of his work is implied a great deal in the inferences which it permits rather than makes. You may judge of the value of this work.*

THE ABSOLUTE suppression of the common worker who was subservient to his household lord, the class distinctions, and the domestic independence of craftsmen, prevented any unionization in the earliest days of civilization. In the infancy of the new era when specialization, capitalism, and the industrial revolution were but tissue-like clouds glittering the tranquil horizon, domestic artisans, and craftsmen banded their immediate forces into the respective guilds. Not infrequently Christian ideals of brotherhood coupled with practices governed by the papacy were entrenched in the constitutions of the laborers. Mutual respect and honor for its members together with freedom from commercial competition of strangers or non-guildsmen were the primary objectives of the medieval guilds; membership in them was strictly optional. Due to the adverse competitive problems which harassed non-members, independent merchants were forced to ally themselves to the organizations. Ordinances propelling the guildsmen were stringent and exacting.

The guilds faced few of the problems that confronted our modern complex industrial system. True, the working day was limited, for, "one dared not work by candle-light," nor could a member charge "more than specified."

Throughout the medieval period the guilds provided ample protection for the commoner. There was comparatively no labor strife, as we are accustomed to think of it. Disagreements, which according to law had to be settled by arbitration, not a few times were carried to special clerical boards created to judge such cases. Each town or principality had its own fraternity and dealt solely with the members limited within its boundaries. Thus power was centralized in the local chapters, which knew best how to cope with the business peculiar to the district. Notwithstanding the church the local chapters were self-reliant.

That a person might affiliate himself with a guild and become a certi-

fied member, he first was employed as an apprentice, during which time he was under the immediate supervision of a licensed practitioner. The latter assigned the minor operations to the apprentice and tediously schooled him in the fundamentals accompanying the particular trade or art. The period of apprenticeship varied according to the ability of the to-be tradesman. When thoroughly polished, the graduate was at liberty to attach his services to a master craftsman in the capacity of a companion, popularly referred to as a journeyman. A syndicate formed by the union of skilled artisans and companions, journeying from town to town, plying their trade, gave rise to the name "journeyman."

By way of contrast to our twentieth century manufacturing system, in which the consumer knows little or nothing about where the retail goods are produced or of what they are produced and cares less, the craftsman set up his shop, open on the street.

The purchasers were privileged to choose the materials used in production; they likewise stayed to supervise construction. Artisans had to satisfy to compete. During the span allotted for the perfection of his trade, the companion was ever under the scrutiny of his master. If the vicissitudes of fortune were favorable, the former was solemnly admitted to the guild. Henceforth he served in the same capacity as his former liege; he could train novices, form a company, and in general enjoy the protection afforded by the association. Increasing prosperity which came to the tradesman with each additional apprentice and companion, gave rise to extensive companies presided over by a master. The field grew. Wealth flowed to one man. Instead of one company traveling from town to town separate institutions, governed by one and the same head, were set up in the city. The forerunner of modern capitalism embodied itself in industry. Did an institution that stood for the mutual protection of the commoner ultimately defeat its very end?

The inroads, caused by the industrial revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, gave impetus to the founding and establishment of extensive combinations of workers who adopted ideals similar to those revered in the Middle Ages. These new groups were more definite, better organized, and they formed larger societies than the centralized guilds. The new institutions strove to cultivate respect for the rights of the working man rather than reverence for his honor. Guilds stimulated the desire to improve the art and workmanship of a trade; they knew methods to lessen the working day, increase the wages, and raise the standard of living among the under-privileged; artistic perfection was their uppermost ideal. With the advent of specialization in industry which accompanied the industrial upheaval, capitalistic ideas and principles emerged supreme from the turmoil. Laborer's foremost adversary, disguised in the cloak of capitalism, was born. Unions which had waged petty wranglings within their own ranks, now conceded that they must discard the fleeting grievances in favor of a united force against a common foe. Hence-



forth it was blow for blow with the might of industry. The nation was in the thralls of capitalism.

Trade unionism as we now have it was a creation of the industrial revolution; it owes its birth to the expanded capitalistic system. The connection between the modern trade union and that of the Middle Ages remains in dispute. There seems to be no tenable reason for denying to the guilds the essential attributes of the union of today; although the basic principles are yet existent, the supplementary forms have since been side-tracked.

Our apprenticeship corresponds, in a few particular phases, to that of former times. The present regulations governing the novice were not in origin a trade union policy; they were introduced, adopted, and sanctioned at a time when trade unions did not exist in the Middle Ages.

Consequently, a few trade unions endorse the principal regulations of apprenticeship with striking unanimity and still regard them as an ideal. Such regulations exist only in an insignificant number of trades; they are rapidly disappearing. The desirability of a fixed apprenticeship in associations is questionable. The educational motive in the few existing unions which adhere minutely to the apprentice system is decidedly a minor aim. Apprenticeships are the tools with which labor leagues command the flow of aspirants into a trade. Usually after two or three years' service a member is entitled to a master's pay, regardless of his ability. Terms vary according to the locality and profession.

The most fundamental of the trade union problems is that of adjusting its policies to changing economic conditions. Not infrequently strong established trade unions have been dissipated, because they failed to gauge the probably inroads of machinery, business recessions, and depressions. Now machinery invariably meets opposition from organized labor and probably will continue to do so. The fact that not all labor in this country is one hundred percent union diverts unionism from its very end. Unless the union is able to bring the non-union area into its fold, or even protect its competitive enterpriser so that the non-union firms do not grow, the union will find business shunted into the unorganized channels and the control of industry with it. Failure in complete organization more often than not results in a total loss; it has contributed more to the disruption of the union, than any other single factor.

Our twentieth century fraternities are a far cry from the petty associations of yesteryear. Then, guilds, restricted to a certain locality and serving that division, alone, had method and harmony in their proceedings. Today unionism, after having been trampled on for almost three centuries, is stretching its bonds over the nation. The voice of labor is making a vital move. In a body, dismembered by dissension from within, labor is advancing to change industry in accordance with labor ideals. Can the labor factions, the Committee for Industrial Organization and



the American Federation of Labor, subdue the common enemy while at swords point with one another? Apparently neither party is willing to concede to the other. Meanwhile industry in the driver's seat anxiously anticipates the movements in the enemy camp. Thus far the industrialist has stood his ground, but not without absorbing a terrific beating. Labor is still within striking distance. Can it hit? If so, how hard? During the intermission what is industry doing?

We, the college students of today, are the soldiers of tomorrow. Soon we shall ally ourselves to one of the armies. Which shall it be?

# Father Damien Would Like This

William Foley

*When Mr. Foley writes his study of a little-known remedy for a too-well-known disease, even the uninitiated in the mysteries of science must take notice. Solidity must be there; appeal is most desirable. When they are fused, the dream of an editor comes true.*

LEPROSY is a disease whose history can be traced back to the centuries before Christ. Early records seem to place its origin in the valley of the Nile, though this is perhaps not an indisputable fact. Always has leprosy been looked upon with horror, its very mention being enough to arouse a feeling of repulsion. The disease is alleged to have taken root in Europe during the eighth to twelfth centuries supposedly carried by Crusaders returning from the Holy Land where leprosy was ever present. Persons afflicted with leprosy were shunned, necessarily of course, but due to ignorance of the nature of the malady the medieval methods of segregation were often cruel. There is a pitiful legend that lepers would cry out "Unclean! Unclean!" as a warning to approaching persons to avoid them. Today, although leprosy is not conquered, there is greater knowledge concerning the disease and, probably more important, the treatment accorded lepers is much more humanitarian. With respect to this humane attitude of today, it is certainly worthwhile to remember that the Catholic Church has probably played the leading role by regarding the leper, not as an outcast, but as an afflicted human being badly in need of kind and loving care.

Through Biblical references and other sources, nearly everyone has become familiar with the name of leprosy and has come to form an idea of it. The most popular conception is that leprosy is a frightful scourge whose chief characteristic is the dropping off of the victim's fingers and toes. This is true enough but there is more to it than just that. The generally accepted cause of the disease is a specific germ, the *Bacillus Leprae*, discovered by Hansen in 1874. The manner in which leprosy is transmitted is something which continues to puzzle medical men. Leprosy bacilli have been found in mosquitoes and bedbugs; rats too have borne the germ, so these are possible sources of transmission. Most authorities, however, adhere to the theory that the bacillus is introduced into the body through the nasopharynx. Inasmuch as marked abrasion of the septum of

the nose is an early and almost constant symptom there is some support to the nasopharynx theory. The disease is contagious, but according to one leprologist, it is less contagious than tuberculosis. Those who live and work among leprous people, though constantly exposed to the disease, can avoid infection by taking all necessary precautions. Very few of the nuns who have labored in the leper colonies have succumbed to leprosy, but the case of Father Damien comes to mind as one who did contract the disease during his years at Molokai. Concerning its inheritableness, it is quite definitely established that leprosy is not hereditary. Children born in the leper colonies, if immediately removed from the leprous mother have revealed no evidence of the disease.

Three types of leprosy are recognized. The nodular, the smooth or anesthetic, and a mixed type which combines the features of the other two. The nodular form is characterized by severe symptoms which include irregular fever, loss of appetite and appearance of coppery patches on the skin; the mucous membranes of the nose and throat are attacked so that breathing becomes labored and the voice becomes hoarse. Ulcers break out on the patient's body and he usually dies from exhaustion or from some other disease that attacks him in his weakened condition. The smooth type is a more chronic form. The nerves of the skin are impaired, resulting in loss of sensation and muscular power; soon the tendons contract and ultimately, perforating ulcers cause the fingers, toes and even the ears to die and drop off. The average duration of the smooth type is eight years, or even longer if the patient is well attended.

The medical treatment of leprosy has been more or less experimental and today is still somewhat so. The search for a specific to combat the disease has probably been conducted ever since someone took pity on the victims of this loathsome affliction and sought to help them. The remedy which comes closer than any other to being specific against leprosy is a chemical known as chaulmoogra oil, obtained from pressing the seeds of the fruit of the *Taraktogenus Kurzii*, a plant peculiar to the Far East. For the past several hundred years, natives of the Orient who were afflicted with leprosy found relief by rubbing the oil on the lesions or by taking the oil orally. About 1899, according to the first authentic records, medical men began using chaulmoogra oil. Oral methods of administration were employed in the beginning but nausea so frequently followed the taking of the drug, that another method was sought. The practice of injecting the oil was next attempted, both subcutaneous and intramuscular injections being used. This manner of administration was found more effective than the older method. Since chaulmoogra oil is almost solid at ordinary temperatures it had to be diluted with olive oil or other drugs in order that it be suitable for injection.

The results following the injections proved encouraging, but another problem arose which precipitated years of research by a number of chemists. The problem developed from the fact that the injection of chaul-



moogra oil caused such severe pain that the leprosy victim was often unwilling to continue the treatments. The situation was one demanding attention, for it was quite evident that in chaulmoogra oil was contained a curative principle which was the hope of the leper. But the drug was too powerful. Taken orally it was nauseating, injected, it resulted in great pain. And then some men began to wonder about this chaulmoogra oil. "Couldn't the drug be analyzed, studied and tested to find out what was in it that cured leprosy's lesions?" they asked themselves. "Couldn't that curative principle be isolated, and couldn't those substances which caused such undesirable effects be eliminated from the drug?" These questions presented themselves and the men set out to find the answer. They have been working for about thirty years now, these research chemists, and they continue their labor, for, though they have done magnificent work, they have not produced that specific which is their goal.

The determination of chaulmoogra oil's constituents was made by Frederick Power, an English chemist. In a series of experiments during the years 1904 to 1907, Power demonstrated that the oil was composed of a number of fatty acids, the two principle ones being chaulmoogric acid and hydnocarpic acid, the former being present in greater amount. Power proposed a structural formula for each of the acids, but his formulae were proved incorrect twenty years later when Shriner and Roger Adams discovered the correct structures.

Chaulmoogra oil's therapeutic action was first studied in 1916 when Holleman and Dean showed excellent results following their experiments in the Hawaiian leper colony. Hoping to isolate the curative principle, they subjected the oil to fractional distillation and collected four fractions. Since each fraction contained the fatty acids, it was practically solid at ordinary temperatures and physicians were chary of using the drug, fearing a breakdown of the red blood corpuscles following its injection. Holleman and Dean solved the difficulty by preparing the ethyl esters of the fatty acids contained in the fractions. The esters proved to be thin liquids and were absorbed readily when injected intravenously. The results following the use of each fraction were very good in each case, so that it could not be said that one fraction was of more therapeutic value than the other. Although Holleman and Dean did not succeed in isolating the curative principle their procedure is still used with a deal of success.

It was in 1916 too, that Rogers published his results on the use of the sodium salts of chaulmoogra oil's fatty acids. Though the method was enthusiastically received at first, it was later shown that this procedure induced blocking of the veins. But Dr. Muir, an outstanding leprologist, has lately come along with a method to eliminate the localized clotting, so possibly the injection of the sodium salts may again regain general usage.

Much of the more recent work on chaumoogra oil and its derivatives

has been performed by Roger Adams, of the University of Illinois, and his associates. His work began with the establishment of the correct formulae for chaulmoogra oil's active principles. These acids were prepared and studied in order that compounds of similar structure could be synthesized and tested bacteriologically. The goal of Adams and his co-workers was "the discovery of a synthetic product which would be more effective than the natural and which might be carefully standardized to meet the needs of the leper patient."

With this end in view, Adams and his fellows undertook a research which covered the years 1925 to about 1932. They used the chaulmoogric acid molecule as a starting point because it was more active bactericidally than hydnocarpic acid. From their knowledge of this molecule many synthetic acids were prepared and each was tested for its bactericidal effectiveness. The manner in which these men manipulated molecules, building them up and tearing them down, is a tribute to their chemical skill. They first demonstrated that the double bond was not essential to the molecules' bacteriological action, then they proved that the acid grouping (COOH) was non-essential. Assuming that the ring structure might be the integral part, Adams and his associates synthesized a series of compounds containing a six carbon atom ring. Results showed the ring structure to be less important than first supposed. Rather, the conclusion was drawn that bactericidal strength was more probably due to a combination of physical properties than to specific chemical properties. Now, a series of synthetic straight chained acids was synthesized and it was demonstrated that the maximum germicidal power appeared in those compounds whose molecules contained 15 to 18 carbon atoms. Since the bacteriological properties of these acids paralleled the properties of those acids having ring structures and containing the same number of carbon atoms, it was quite clearly shown that the molecular weight is an important factor. From all the synthetic acids prepared one was selected and in the form of its sodium salt, ethyl ester, glyceride and glycolide was subjected to thorough clinical study. The acid chosen by Adams was diheptyl acetic acid. The bacteriological tests were made "in vitro" (in glass). The ethyl ester and the sodium salt were found intensely irritating when injected intravenously, however, the glycolide and the glyceride were considerably milder in their action. The glyceride has been put to further clinical study; the results of the tests, however, are not available.

The work done by Adams and his associates has been of inestimable importance in the fight against leprosy. Though they have not fully attained the difficult goal they set for themselves they have added strength to the hypothesis that chaulmoogra oil is the most efficacious remedy for leprosy than can be found. There is a somewhat divided opinion among leprologists as to just how beneficial chaulmoogra really is. Dr. Muir, who is a noted authority, declared in 1936 that "Drugs arrest the progress



of leprosy but no not cure it — they are simply useful adjuncts. Leprosy will have disappeared before science finds a cure for it." Dr. Roger Adams himself has admitted that the present tendency was to feel that improved sanitation and diet were the prime factors in the cure of leprosy rather than the use of any drug. Chaulmoogra oil, however, is still used and it is reasonable to suppose that somewhere in its makeup is embodied the long-sought specific which will someday be brought to light.

Admitting that great advances have been made in the treatment of leprosy, it is clearly evident that much improvement is needed. The present methods of treating the disease are really only more scientific ways of administering the curative principles of an oil which has been used for centuries. Perhaps after all the most important gain made against the disease is the assuming of a more humane view toward the poor leper. It was this attitude that must have prompted men like Rogers, Holleman, and Dean and Roger Adams to take up the fight against this insidious disease. Whenever leprosy is wiped out, it will likely be through the efforts of men of their type, charitable individuals who cannot tolerate the idea of a fellow human being so afflicted that he must warn away others by crying out to them, "Unclean! Unclean!"



# Editorials

## Socialized Medicine

**N. Theodore Staudt**

During the past five years, the term "socialized medicine" has been ever on the lips of the American people. We find the government in favor of the proposed scheme, the people in doubt as to whether or not it would remedy the high costs of medical treatment, and lastly, the doctors on the whole bitterly opposed to the issue. A great deal has been written on the subject and many reasons pro and con have been developed; some are of worth, others are highly propagandistic.

The proponents for socialized medicine have set forth this governmental control of medicine in such a fashion as to lead the people to believe that such a method would greatly reduce the cost of medical care. Will such a reform really diminish the cost? We believe not. For, under a system of bureaucratized medicine, there would be a vastly increased non-medical administrative staff necessary to control medicine in this land. Who would bear the cost of this? The taxpayer. Picture for yourself the tremendous expense of a federal board of directors and their assistants in Washington, representatives in every state, inspectors in each city, and control officers in all rural areas. Now add to this, the cost of the doctors, their medications, their offices, the hospitals, and clinics, besides the innumerable other costs necessary to maintain standard medical care. It would require hundreds of millions of dollars annually to meet these costs. And the taxpayer is to pay for this. The cost of the recent rearmament program would be a mere drop beside the additional tax that state medicine would necessitate.

This argument represents only one of the tremendous factors that have been developed for the combating of the proposed issue of socializing the medical system. This argument together with the vast welter of reasons are significant and certainly justify the opinion that socialized medicine has no place in our social order.

## To the Seniors

**William Foley**

These are your last days. College life, for you, is practically over, and, no doubt, you are wondering now just how the end has come so quickly. Perhaps years are not so long, after all. With Commencement close at hand, you are likely becoming a bit sad at the prospect of leaving

the old school in spite of the fact that you have always prided yourself as being too cynical ever to succumb to any of this Alma Mater stuff. You feel that you are losing something; that you are ending the most pleasant interval of your life. Forgotten now are the moments of discouragement you experienced; all you can recall are the cheerful days, the laughable incidents which occurred. Memories of these moments are the ones which will linger and be cherished through the years.

You are well aware, of course, that you are going out into the world when you depart from school; furthermore, you probably know that the world is a cold, inhospitable place. These trite facts are always thundered at the graduate. But when you leave the college, remember this: the task of making a man of yourself is not yet completed. The school took up the work of molding you where your parents left off, and now, after providing you with the best environment and training which was in its power to give, the school is turning out the product. But you are not a finished product; you still possess a few rough spots and require a little more polishing, and it is up to you to complete the job of making yourself a man.

In these last few moments, before taking leave, perhaps you are finally beginning to think of the debt you owe to the college. You realize now that the school was always a kind and generous protector, although you couldn't see it before, and probably "splenened" about the discipline. Your debt is not of a material nature, but rather of a spiritual sort, for by your close everyday contact with Catholicism, you were brought to the realization of the importance of the Faith and gained an insight into the splendor of God. The chapel and grotto were places you rather took for granted but you will miss them and in years to come you will often visit them in your mind. The College makes no great demands in return for what it has given. It merely asks that you live your Faith, think straight, and never do that of which you will be ashamed; in short, if you are always Catholic men, the school will feel well repaid.

You are older and considerably wiser now than you were on that first night four years ago when, as you lay in the dormitory you heard the chapel clock boom out the hour and you whispered to yourself: "This is it; this is college." Those happy years are over but the future belongs to you.

And so goodbye!



# Book Reviews

*The Sudden Rose, An Essay On The Unity Of Art*, by Blanche Mary Kelly, New York and London: Sheed & Ward, 1939, 183 pp.

Unity in art, writes Miss Kelly, must be found in the creation of new beauty out of the ancient beauty with which God has filled the world. It cannot be produced by the continuous and constant harping on external appearances only, nor by reiterated attempts to depict a state of mind, especially a disordered state of mind.

The author compares the sudden light which shines on a man, when he finally understands art and its unity, to the blooming of a rose. We watch carefully while the rose bush grows, tending it, studying its every bit of growth. We watch with rapt attention the development of a bud. Suddenly the bud breaks and the rose bursts forth in all its glory and beauty. So, too, is the blooming of the rose of art in man. Steadily the student plods on, watching, studying, trying to gather in all that he may know. Then, after much toil and concentration, the light bursts in upon him. It is the light of the beauty and unity of art, the blooming of the sudden rose.

The average man resents the fact that only the elect and the initiate may know art. Hence, he takes refuge in his pride of ignorance, stating that he is a practical man and that he has no time to dally with the so-called artistic side of life. He will assure one that he can deal only with the realities of life.

This, as Doctor Kelly points out, is where he makes his mistake. To be sure, the common man has a right to resent the attitude of those who think they know art and talk as if he were but a dull clod who knows nothing. But! Why does he say he can deal only with the realities of life? Does he not realize that art must, and does deal only with these same realities?

For art deals with beauty, and beauty is meaningless unless it is founded on reality, and reality is unchangeable. And since art deals with beauty, which rests in reality, then must art deal with reality. Furthermore, if reality is unchangeable, it must be that the reality that the common man deals with is the same as the reality that is treated by art.

Man must come to realize that art is a kind of holy-land, which they may freely enter who come to it humbly and reverently. They must rid themselves of pride in ignorance. Such vanity is obnoxious. If art is to yield up any secrets, they will never be given up to anyone who approaches in this spirit.

Doctor Kelly summarizes the thought by saying: "For art is the mother-tongue of every man, a universal language, intended for the ut-



terance of things that are common to all men. It is the bridge flung across the waters of isolation by which every living soul finds himself surrounded. It is a means (I might almost say *the means*), whereby spirit comes into communication with spirit and deep answers unto deep."

By doing this it is possible, as the author states, to "pour heaven into the shut houses of life by breaking in upon the isolation in which man lives and wonders, with its interpretation of the universe in terms of God."

Thomas M. Anderson

*Restoring All Things* Edited by John Fitzsimons and Paul Maguire,  
New York: Sheed & Ward, 1938, 236 pp.

In this compact volume, which traces the development of Catholic Action through Italy, Belgium, and France, we find not merely a few more words about the much discussed subject of Catholic Action, but we discover in it a distinct *call* to action. In it is proved that Catholic Action is not a mythical cloud of high-flown words, but is a live and growing organization, working and really accomplishing something. Catholic Action, as the name implies, is an activity so widespread and vigorous that it towers over most other organizations of its type.

Catholic Action had its beginning in Italy in the year 1865, from which time it has thrived on bitter opposition. If there was no strife between it and governments, other religious groups and the like, there was strife among its members and groups. With the narration of these distressful struggles, which the movement has encountered both externally and internally, comes a feeling of respect. This respect is akin to that which we feel towards a valiant soldier who has weathered many sieges and, though wounded often, lives, still proud, still vigorous.

One of the most uplifting of all thoughts, that of the Mystical Body, is superbly treated in this work. As the authors state, "Catholic Action is the Mystical Body at work." No other book which I have read has brought out so well the real meaning of the Mystical Body. By this treatise we are forced to marvel at the fact that no matter how lowly or how exalted our station in life, we are all equally an integral part of the Mystical Body.

In the short space of the two hundred-and-seventy-six pages of this book, a wide field of action is discussed. However, the field is not so expansive that it has not been treated well. In fact the thoroughness of this book is its most salient point. The authors, Fitzsimmons and McGuire, deal with each new point, each new action, and organization extensively, then join it harmoniously with the preceding actions. Thoroughness is achieved in another sense by making a statement and then not only proving it by reasons but also by quoting authorities and, best of all, by citing authentic examples.

This work, however, is a far cry from a literary masterpiece. In

some passages it seems to have been translated from some other language. In other words, it contains some idioms which are distinctly non-American. Numerous instances of foreign phrases untranslated make the reading slightly difficult in parts.

However, for those who think of Catholic Action as an overflow of bombastic oratory, I recommend this book as a surprising eye-opener. For those who are interested in Catholic Action and are participants in it, I classify it as an inspiration and a call to further action.

*Donfred H. Stockert*

*The Woman Who Was Poor* by Leon Bloy, New York: Sheed & Ward, 1939, 356 pp.

Monsieur Leon Bloy is a bit eccentric. He stops in the middle of his novel to say so, — at the commencement of the twentieth chapter, — but the reader, at least the uninitiated American reader, would be inclined to suspect it from the beginning, for the dedication closes with this strange prayer for the friend it addresses: "God keep you safe from fire and steel and contemporary literature and the malevolence of the evil dead."

Here is a modern French novelist who professes to entertain nobody; in fact, he sometimes promises to do the opposite. By these unusual intentions he wishes to exonerate any jarring or discordant element that may be found in his work. Such discords are found in abundance, for Leon Bloy is a sparkling genius who spurns all norms and would like to surpass the lowly and pedantic forms of art. It is quite possible that he has not fully mastered what he despises. Here is a writer of power, a cynic; yet a ripe, caricaturist's sense of humor serves to soften the edge of his misanthropy. Here is a master of language who chooses to enrich a beautiful concept with the manure of the gutter, and revels in the brutal odor. His writing admits respect for no law but the law of God, no person but the Divine, and no institution but the Church, for this anomalous Frenchman breathes into his novel a wealth of staunch Catholicity. He is just the type of literateur to write a story magnificent in its strength, and rank in its shortcomings. He is of the sort that could write "The Woman Who Was Poor."

The story is woven about a Persian woman for whom life begins at the unconventional age of thirty. Her first thirty years she has spent in the most sordid and miserable surroundings that a candid author can scoop up out of the cesspools of his imagination. In the story she suddenly rises to the good fortune that her character deserves, but she brings with her the curse of poverty, certain natural circumstances and connections that lay upon her like a burden and chain her to her squalid past. They drag her inevitably back to the slums and bring hardship and death to those benefactors who have tried to lift her up. This idea of poverty in relentless pursuit of its victim is the principal theme. Pagan



literature would call it the cruel hand of Fate, but because Leon Bloy sees as a Catholic he makes it the purifying chastisement of a loving Providence. This theme is the strength of the book. It is worthy of a great novel.

In fact, I am not so sure that Leon Bloy has not written a great novel, for he molds his theme with a master's hand, builds up its power and beauty with a wealth of detail and with thoughts that for all their earthiness are often inspiring, and supports it with surpassing ease and richness of language.

It is in the general outline that the novel begins to look queer. Each of the two large divisions of this "unhappy work," as the author calls it, is introduced by an excerpt from the Office of the Dead. Part One is considerably longer than Part Two but, except for the chapters of retrospect and the gathering of loose ends, it covers considerably less time and involves a considerably smaller part of the story's progress. It is choked with vivid language and tangled with "parentheses," as he calls them, — fantastic tales, and essays of still more fantastic opinions, that are, in general, beautiful harmonious with the general theme of poverty, but bear only the faintest relation to the "Woman Who Was Poor". Thus at the beginning of the twentieth chapter, previously mentioned, he says a "parenthesis" is necessary, and that if the reader doesn't like it he had better not open the book at all, adding that he never intended to entertain anybody, and going into a harangue for the rest of the chapter on the worth of womankind. He might have been consistent and considered a few parentheses necessary in Part Two, for that division is as singularly void of digressions as Part One is overstocked with them. The author may have had his reasons for the striking contrast, but the effect is most unfortunate, — almost grotesque, — like the effort of a school-boy who grew tired of talking and rushed his story to a conclusion.

Another note of oddity is found in the author's unsympathetic attitude toward society and institutions. Unspeakably bored by a surfeit of culture, he spends his leisure ferreting out the evils of a Godless world, taking for granted that there is not much good to be found. Even his heroes and his heroine are caricatures of a few noble ideals, who by some mysterious power are made to soar above their sins; and his villains and villainesses are impossible devils. He finds solidarity in his Catholicity, but even in his devotedness it is evident that France is the eldest daughter of the Church, and apt to become too free with her ancient Mother. Leon Bloy writes with a fecundity of mind and a brilliance of language that show the background of centuries of true culture, but they also have in them the reminder of the sulphurous effulgence of a rotting fen. There is something in this book of the dying flash of a decadent civilization.

These reflections are not meant as a chill upon this novel; in fact, they add immensely to its interest. They merely subtract a little from its objective value and beauty.

*William Kramer*



# Exchanges

John J. Morrison

With this, the last issue of MEASURE for the year comes our last Exchange column. There has been a considerable improvement in the caliber of the recent issues of magazines we have received over their earlier issues. Each succeeding issue of most of them has been better than the one preceding it. We have enjoyed reading them all and we regret very much that we have not been able to treat more of them in our column. However, we have done the best we could and we hope that our exchanges appreciate the difficulty encountered in criticizing more than a few magazines in each issue.

The magazines chosen for review in this issue of MEASURE are four in number; two of them from women's colleges; two from men's colleges.

The first of these, published by the young ladies of Albertus Magnus College, New Haven, Connecticut, is *The Albertinum*, a magazine that presents a delightfully fresh appearance at first glance. Upon looking through the magazine, however, we found it completely devoid of art. The addition of some little art work would greatly improve the appeal of *The Albertinum*.

From the viewpoint of material contained *The Albertinum* sets a splendid example. Variety is complete. While there are but seven selections, including two very short ones, no two of them are of a similar nature. Orchids to the staff of *The Albertinum* for this! In far too many magazines there is far too little variety in subject matter. Rounding out this issue are departments devoted to Editorials, Books, Art, Music, and Exchanges. Could we ask for more?

"Fifteen" is a really worthwhile short story which offers a fine character study. It has none of that illogical surprise ending that marks the fiction attempts of only too many college writers.

An interesting and informative study of the activities of Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin in connection with the Catholic Worker movement, along with a short sketch of their lives is offered in "The Ark of Mott Street." The article, since it is imbued with something of the author, is more than a mere presentation of facts.

The two personal essays are short but quite entertaining. Both are marked by a free, easy style, but we would rate "To the Tune of a Hickory Stick" above "Final Curtain" for its value lies more in the manner of expression of an idea than in mere plot.

We have no way of ascertaining whether or not "Devil Lore in Dante," written by Sister Mary Amelia, O. P., is student work, and it is our policy

not to evaluate the writings of faculty contributors to college magazines. However, there is such a degree of probability that the Reverend Sister may be a student at Albertus Magnus and the article forms so great a part of this issue of *The Albertinum* that we will attempt a criticism of it. This article, the most scholarly in the magazine, is evidently the result of much research and investigation. The material is very logically presented in fine literary style and the reader will most certainly gain some worthwhile information from "Devil Lore in Dante."

A writeup of Germany that is quite different from those found in most current articles in that political sentiments are not expressed is offered by the author of "Munchen." There is little more to the article, however, than a pure narration of facts and events, most of them in diary form.

A debate on "Socialized Medicine," with arguments pro and con offered in two separate articles concludes the feature section of *The Albertinum*. It is no more than a debate. Its sociological value far exceeds its literary value.

Of the four book reviews all are deserving of high praise except that of "Beyond Politics" which would be far more valuable if the reviewer had attempted more of an evaluation than a summarization.

The sections devoted to Art and Music are very much in place and are well handled by writers who give evidence of first hand acquaintance with their subjects.

There is an Exchange Column in *The Albertinum*. It occupies only one page however. Still, so far as it goes it is very good. The Exchange Editors concern themselves only with the general trends and high points of the magazines that they review. Our suggestion would be that they devote more space to exchanges and offer more detailed criticisms.

From Philadelphia comes our next Exchange, *The Grackle*, a quarterly published by the students of the College of Chestnut Hill. The general appearance of this magazine is as fine as that of any of our exchanges. Woodcuts and sketches do a great deal to enliven the pages of *The Grackle*. The grouping of most of the poetry in the center pages makes for physical balance.

This issue of *The Grackle* suffers from a lack of variety in material. The first three of the five articles in the magazine are biographical essays. True, the subjects of each of these essays has a specific difference, but the genus of all of them is the same. We believe that the three in one volume is too much of a good thing. A short story and an essay describing an Italian village are the other two offerings. With the substitution of some works on literature, philosophy, art, social topics and the like for some of the biographical essays this issue of *The Grackle* might have been greatly improved.

Each of the three biographical essays is of a very high quality. None



is a mere collection of facts, for all possess a high degree of originality in presentation of material and combine a character study with the story of their subjects' lives. "A Philadelphian in Old Philadelphia" concerns Agnes Repplier, the essayist, her life and works. "The Father of Five Nations" tells of the life and activities of the South American patriot, Simon Bolivar. "William Butler Yeats" is a biographical sketch and an appreciation of the works of that late Irish poet.

A beautiful word picture of the birthplace of her parents is painted by the author of "Italian Village." There is in this essay the wistful note of the desire of a young girl to visit a place which she has grown to love because it is dear to her loved ones.

A highly original plot, vivid descriptions and excellent characterizations all go to make the short story, "The Revenge," the best piece of work in this issue of *The Grackle*.

Of the several poems in this magazine we have chosen two by the same author as the best, "Confession of A Pagan on Calvary," and "Ego Potens."

The single editorial, "Let There be Peace," is a splendid tribute to the late Pope Pius XI coupled with an expression of the hope that his successor may carry on his work in the cause of world peace.

The department devoted to Critical Reviews concerns itself with one novel and two plays. The evaluation of the rendition of the plays and of the philosophy of one play and the novel is worthwhile, but none of the reviews estimates the literary merit of its subject, and all the reviews tell too much of the story.

By far the most grievous fault of the departmental section is the omission of an Exchange Department, the need for which we have mentioned in this column time and again.

There is nothing at all exceptional about the appearance of the first of our male offerings, *The Manhattan Quarterly* of Manhattan College, New York City, though the typography and high grade of paper used make for very pleasant and easy reading. There is absolutely no art work in the magazine; nothing appears but printed matter. However, a redeeming trait is found in the excellent quality and great variety of material. Articles on history, philosophy, music, literature, and liturgy; poems, and short stories leave little indeed to be asked for.

"Fides Intrepida" is a history of the reign of Pope Pius XI and an appreciation of his accomplishments. The striking parallel between the history of the tyrannical form of government of ancient Greece and the history of modern dictatorships is drawn by the author of "Philosophy of Tyrants." The unique character of the tragedies of Richard Wagner is shown by comparing them with the tragedies of Sophocles, Shakespeare and Verdi in "Wagner's Tragic Endings." An analysis of the new Southern literature of the type of "Gone With the Wind" and "Tobacco Road," etc. is offered in "Southern Writers." "Eastern Liturgies" gives us a



wealth of information regarding the liturgies of the Eastern Churches that are in union with Rome but do not use the Roman Rite.

No one of these articles can be called superior to any other in the magazine. Each is wholly different from the others but all are possessed of the qualities of excellent presentation, complete treatment of subject, striking originality, and great interest for the reader. They are works which *any* magazine should be proud to publish.

Both short stories are good but not at all out of the ordinary. We found "Prelude to Reunion" easier to read than "Homing."

*The Manhattan Quarterly* has one great defect. Absolutely no departmental work is carried on. There are no Editorials, Book Reviews, or Exchanges! With the addition of these departments and the use of some art the *Quarterly* will be a magazine of a caliber that will be difficult to equal.

If you like masculinity in a magazine, the masculinity of college men, you owe it to yourselves to read *The Holy Cross Purple* of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts. The general appearance of this magazine creates an impression of freshness, a freshness that is particularly evidenced by comparison of a current copy with last year's issues of the same publication. There is some good art work in this issue, but a few illustrations might well be used with the short stories.

As we have hinted above, masculinity is the keynote of *The Holy Cross Purple*. Every article and story is marked by it. There is in this issue, however, a definite lack of variety in the type of material. Poetry is present in sufficient quantity but there are only two essays to balance the four short stories. There is certainly plenty of room for a few more articles of a scholarly nature. We commend the staff of *The Holy Cross Purple* for their policy of securing contributions from guest writers who have distinguished themselves in their fields. We will not, however, attempt any criticism of the work of the guest writer, who, in this instance, is Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States.

Of the four short stories we believe "Legend" is the best. The author has dramatically presented a strong character in a story that is different from anything that we have read. The man who wrote "Everybody Said," has a style that seems to have been greatly influenced by the works of Ernest Hemingway. The merit of "Utoyak" lies in its local color and characterization. In "Those Who Can't" we find an original plot, little more.

"Screwballs and Others" is a jovial familiar essay which makes pleasant reading and affords some entertainment but has no lasting worth.

The history of one of the world's foremost Catholic magazines, *America*, from its beginning in 1909 until the present is graphically traced for us by the author of "Thirty Years War." The story of its struggles and growth at the hands of the six Jesuit Fathers who have served as its editors is forcefully told and makes one really appreciate *America*.

The Coffee House is a regular department in *The Purple*. We never fail to read it. It is a collection of minute characterizations that are almost always excellent. Some are only a few lines in length but they are more entertaining and thought provoking than many a best selling book. They are so personal and true to life that they should be enjoyed by every reader. Walk into the Coffee House with your head uncovered, for it is a department to which you really should take off your hat!

The editorial of *The Holy Cross Purple* is a letter to its readers. It is addressed to students of the college and is concerned with the bond that exists between the students and their alma mater. Exceptionally well done, it is a fitting editorial for the last issue of the publication for the current year.

The Round Table column is a mere narration of news items concerning student activities. It has no literary merit and has a purpose in the magazine only if *The Purple* is the only outlet for its material which would be of little interest to anyone but a student of Holy Cross.

We feel sure after seeing the caliber of the work which the staff of *The Purple* has produced that somewhere among its contributors is a man who could produce an excellent exchange column. There is none in the magazine at present, a fact that we find lamentable, but we hope to see one in the future. Who knows what the next year holds?

So we have come to the end of our exchange work for this year. Has it really been worth while? We think that it has, but the wish is father to the thought. We would appreciate receiving the answers which our exchanges might have for this question.

In our first issue of MEASURE for this year we showed that there is a direct proportion between the amount of cooperation expended by a group of individuals seeking a common goal and the benefits secured by each member of the group. This principle will hold good for exchange work! Let us then all resolve to cooperate to the fullest extent of our ability to do so with the staffs of as many college publications as is possible, offering honest criticism and concrete practicable suggestions for improvements, that the standards of American collegiate journalism may during the next school year rise to glorious new heights. It can be done. Let's do it!